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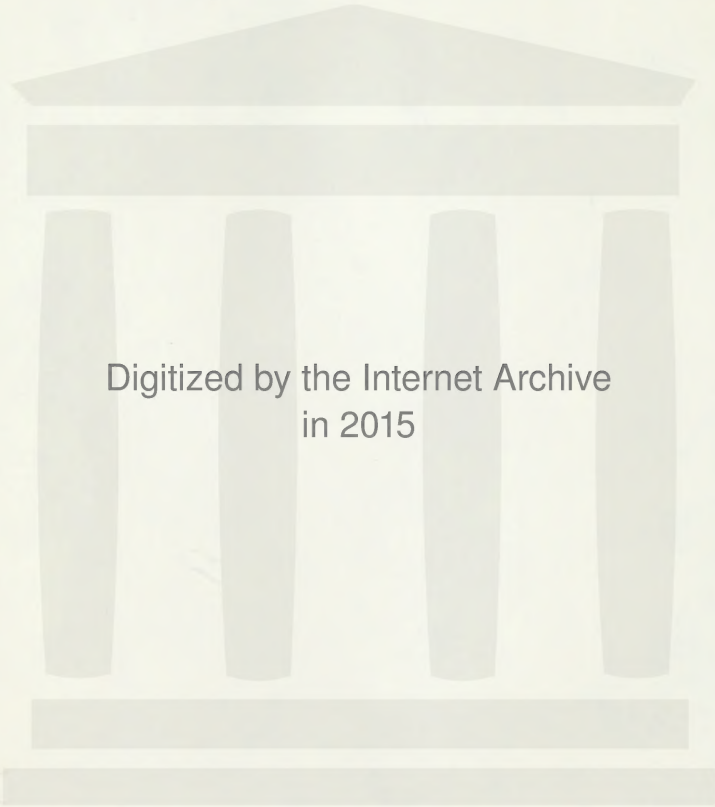
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Independence Day at Palmyra, N. Y.

WITH EARLY HISTORY OF THE TOWN.

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Independence Day at Palmyra, N. Y.

WITH EARLY HISTORY OF THE TOWN.

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY CHICAGO

A MEMORIAL

OF THE

CELEBRATION

AT

PALMYRA, N. Y.

OF THE

Centennial Fourth of July,

1876,

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY CHICAGO

INCLUDING THE

Oration by Theodore Bacon,

AND

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF PALMYRA,

BY

Rev. Horace Eaton, D. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
E. R. ANDREWS, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, AQUEDUCT STREET.
1876.

1555836

PRELIMINARY ORGANIZATION.

The Town of Palmyra at the Annual Meeting March 7th, 1876, voted to raise by tax, two hundred dollars, to aid "in the proper observance of the coming Fourth day of July in the Village of Palmyra."

Tuesday evening, May 9th, 1876, a citizens meeting was held in Village Hall to consider the subject of a proper celebration upon July 4th, this year of the Centennial Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence.

The officers of the meeting were MARK C. FINLEY, *President*, and Col. GEO. MCGOWN and OLIVER DURFEE, *Secretaries*.

At this meeting there was appointed the following

General Committee of Arrangements.

PLINY T. SEXTON, *Chairman*,

HENRY P. KNOWLES,	JOSEPH W. CORNING,
ISAAC G. BRONSON,	FRANK C. BROWN,
GEO. HARRISON,	HENRY R. DURFEE,
LEONARD S. PRATT,	WELLS TYLER.

Thursday, May 11th, the Committee of Arrangements met and appointed the following

Sub-Committees.

On Orator and Reader—CHARLES MCLOUTH, S. B. MCINTYRE, JOHN W. CORNING.

On Finance—CHAS. D. JOHNSON, GEO. HARRISON, W. S. PHELPS, JOHN F. STRAIN, OLIVER DURFEE, CHAS. W. TUCKER, JAS. REEVES, PETER C. HOWELL.

On Ordnance—Capt. Henry J. Draime.

On Fire Works—John W. Corning, Alex. Rannie, Chas. B. Bowman.

On Printing—Isaac G. Bronson, Geo. McGown, E. S. Averill.

On Music—Leonard S. Pratt, D. B. Harmon, C. B. Brigham, S. E. Harkness, Andrew Seely, Caleb Beal.

On Programme—Henry R. Durfee, Joseph W. Corning, Henry P. Knowles, Frank C. Brown, Pliny T. Sexton, Geo. McGown.

On Decoration—Frank C. Brown, Wells Tyler, Isaac F. Taber, Chas. Snedaker.

ORGANIZATION FOR THE DAY.

Orator.

THEODORE BACON of Rochester.

Reader of the Declaration of Independence.

Rev. C. W. WINCHESTER.

President of the Day.

Maj. GEORGE W. CUYLER.

Col. Joseph W. Corning, - -	*Chief Marshal.*
Maj. H. P. Knowles, - - -	*Ass't Marshal.*
Maj. M. Hopkins, - - -	" "

Vice-Presidents.

Arcadia—Dr. C. G. Pomeroy, Joel H. Prescott.

Marion—Amasa Hall, Charles Tremaine.

Walworth—Theron G. Yeomans, W. D. Wiley.

Macedon—Jere. Thistlethwaite, Lyman Bickford, Wm. P. Nottingham.

Ontario—A. W. Casey, A. J. Bixby.

Williamson—JOHN P. BENNETT, T. SCOTT LEDYARD.

Manchester—JOHN W. PARKER, WM. H. SHORT.

Palmyra—GEO. HARRISON, JAS. REEVES, ORNON ARCHER H. K. JEROME, WM. H. SOUTHWICK.

THE OBSERVANCE OF THE DAY.

July the Fourth, 1876, the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, was observed by the citizens of Palmyra and its vicinity, with becoming spirit and appropriate solemnities.

The opening day was greeted with a Federal salute of thirteen guns by the Artillery, under command of Capt. H. J. Draime, and by the pealing of bells.

Soon after eight o'clock, citizens from the neighboring villages and the surrounding country began to arrive, and by half-past nine, the time for the forming of the procession, the streets of our village presented a sight that has seldom, if ever, been equalled.

Thousands of people of all ages thronged the main thoroughfare, and every residence and building displayed National Emblems; some being elaborately draped with the "Red, White and Blue."

Punctually at the appointed time the grand procession was formed, under the direction of Col. Joseph W. Corning, Marshal of the Day, and his Aids, Majors H. P. Knowles, and M. Hopkins.

The following, taken from the official programme, was substantially the

Order of the Procession.

1.—Palmyra Cornet Band.

2.—A detachment from Zenobia Commandery Knights Templar, as escort.

3.—Palmyra Lodge 248 F. & A. M.

4.—Pierian Lodge 243 I. O. O. F.

5.—Palmyra Grange P. of H.

6.—President and Vice-Presidents of the Day, Orator, Reader and Clergy, in carriages.

7.—Village and Town Officials, Invited Guests, Committee of Arrangements, and Soldiers of 1812.

8.—The Sunday Schools of the several Churches, under charge of their Superintendents.

9.—Veteran Martial Band.

10.—Soldiers of the Late War.

11.—Fire Department, with Steamer, Hose Cart and Hook and Ladder Truck.

12.—Highlander in Costume, with Bagpipes.

13.—Trades and Industries, Printing Press in operation on wheels.

14.—Citizens in General, on foot or in carriages.

15.—Grand calvacade, representing Gen. Washington and Staff escorted by Continental Cavalry, all in old time costumes, and composing the largest and most interesting body of mounted men ever witnessed in this vicinity.

The line of march included several of the principal streets and ended at the Grand Stand on the grounds of the Union School, where admirable arrangements had been made for the carrying out of the following

Order of Exercises.

1. Music by the Palmyra Cornet Band, Andrew Seely, leader.

After which, owing to the illness and absence of Major Geo. W. Cuyler, President of the Day, Pliny T. Sexton, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, called the meeting to order, saying, in substance,

"*Friends and Fellow Citizens:*—To-day it may be said, that "as American citizens, we are all one hundred years old,—an "age which is but as a day we trust in this Nation's enjoyment "of the fruits of that great struggle whose beginning we are "here assembled to commemorate.

"It is not at all in the spirit of an idle frolic that we have "gathered in attendance upon this Our Country's birthday "party; but rather with reverent gratitude to the Great God of "Nations for the blessings and protection bestowed on the peo-

"ple of our land, and in opening the formal exercises of this "day we will call upon the Rev. John G. Webster to give voice "to our hearts in thanksgiving and prayer."

2. The Rev. JOHN G. WEBSTER offered the following

Prayer.

Almighty and eternal God, King of kings, and Lord of lords, by whose fiat nations exist, continue or decline, we bow before Thee this hour in humble adoration; acknowledging Thee as our Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier and divine Benefactor.

We render to Thee our unfeigned thanksgiving for this goodly Heritage that Thou hast given us, and for all the institutions of moral, social, and intellectual development that abound in it.

We praise Thee for the light of the Gospel, for the blessing of Liberty, for the protection of Law.

We pray Thy blessing upon our nation; and for all in authority over us; for the President of the United States, the Governor of our State; for all Legislators and officers. Give them wisdom to enact wholesome laws, and impartial fidelity in their administration and enforcement, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us forever.

Bestow and continue thy blessing upon this whole people. May we all and each peform our manifold duties as responsible to Thee.

Be with us in this day's celebration; may our rejoicings be quickened by patriotism; may our festivities be tempered with moderation; and may we so live and act in Thy sight, in all things all our days, that when we depart hence we may be received into Thy Heavenly Kingdom.

We ask these mercies in Thy name, and through the merits of our dear Redeemer and Saviour, Jesus Christ, in whose perfect form of words we conclude our prayer: Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

3. Music. The Choir and audience sang

Whittier's Centennial Hymn.

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The old world thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of band and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will;
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues, strong to save;
The honor, proof to place or gold;
The manhood, never bought or sold!

Oh! Make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, and justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of the righteous law,
And cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

4. Reading the Declaration of Independence, by Rev. C. W. WINCHESTER.

5. Centennial Song; words by JOHN MCINTOSH:

The spirits of our fathers throng
The spaces of the West,
Forgetting heav'nly heart and song,
In regions of the blest.
They seek to touch with sacred fire,
The souls that mingle here,
And joining in our Nation's choir,
Salute our hundreth year.

CHORUS—Our bright centennial year hurrah!
Long wave our flag of stars.
With heart and soul this glorious year
We welcome with hurrahs.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

'Mid cannon smoke and flashing swords
They hailed our nation's birth;
With throbbing hearts and burning words,
To all the sons of earth,
The banner of the free they gave—
Our flag to freemen dear;
And so was ushered by the brave
Our nation's natal year.

CHORUS—Our bright Centennial year, hurrah, &c.

Long may that starry standard glow,
The beacon of the West;
Its stripes a curse to ev'ry foe,
Its stars to freemen blest;
And in the van of progress aye
Be all its folds unfurled,
The fire by night, the cloud by day,
To lead the modern world.

CHORUS—Our bright Centennial year, hurrah, &c.

6. The grand event of the day followed, in the delivery by THEODORE BACON, Esq., of Rochester, of an eloquent oration, which he has kindly permitted the Committee to print and publish in full with this report of the exercises.

7. Music, Yankee Doodle, by the "Veteran Martial Band." This band was composed of men whose devotion to martial music began over half a century ago, and they gave much time and patience to practice, in reviving their old skill, that they might grace, as they did most highly, this centennial occasion.

Their names are: MORGAN DOTY, ABEL D. CHASE, PETER TAYLOR, JOHN JORDAN, MORGAN L. ROBINSON, and LYMAN PIERCE.

8. Music. Scotch airs upon Bagpipes, by Prof. PROCTOR, in Highland costume.

9. Music. The entire assembly joined in singing, to the grand old tune "America," the following

Hymn.

Free by thy might, O God,
We sound thy praise abroad
In grand acclaim!
Through night and storms and tears,
Through dark and bloody years,
More than all strength that cheers
Was thy great name!

So, ever led by thee,
Right on to liberty
Our fathers strode!
Their children own thy hand,
And o'er our goodly land
Uncovered, rev'rent stand,
To worship God!

Free in the vows we speak—
Free in the laws we make—
Here freedom's seat!
Fair cities rise in might,
Fair fields the eye delight,
Truth free upholds the right—
O joy complete!

Rise, sons of liberty!
Rise, maids and matrons free!
Rise, children, rise!
Hail now the hundredth year!
Hail with resounding cheer!
Let all the nations hear
Freedom's emprise!

Sacred the tears we shed
Over the honored dead
Of that great time!
Shout we adown the years,
Ye who are freedom's heirs,
Guard ye the ark that bears
Our hope sublime!

Faith, law, and liberty,
Triumphant trinity,
By thee we stand!
Long as the rivers run,
Long as endures the sun,
Our flag and country one—
God keep our land.

10. Benediction, by Rev. H. EATON, D. D.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the procession reformed and escorted the Orator and officers of the day to the Palmyra Hotel, where the latter dined together in an informal manner, and honored with the company of the entire clergy of the village, including the following reverend gentlemen:

Rev. HORACE EATON, D. D., Presbyterian.
Rev. JOHN G. WEBSTER, Episcopalian.
Rev. C. W. WINCHESTER, Methodist.
Rev. WM. CASEY, Roman Catholic.
Rev. CHAS. C. SMITH, Baptist.

At mid-day, Capt. DRAIME put in a Centennial reminder of one hundred guns, from his battery on Mt. Holmes; and at sunset a National salute of thirty-eight guns.

In the evening, a fit *finale* of the memorable day was found in the following

Grand Display of Fireworks.

1. Star of '76 and Union.
2. Fairy Dance.
3. American Flag.
4. Chaplet.
5. Chinese Tree.
6. Scroll Wheel.
7. Brilliant Cross.
8. Medallion of Washington.
9. Revolving Globe.
10. Polka.
11. Yankee Doodle.
12. Liberty--1776-1876--and Battery.

The above was interspersed with a fine display of floral shells, rockets, mines, batteries, roman candles, &c.

THE ORATION:

BY

THEODORE BACON, of Rochester.

The occasion which we commemorate to-day, familiar as it is to us by its annual recurrence—fixed as it is in our national life,—is in its very conception distinctive and American. It is not the birth-day of a reigning prince, however beloved; it is not the holiday of a patron saint, however revered; it is simply the festival of our national existence. Unimaginative as we are, we have impersonated an idea—the idea of nationality; and the festival of that idea, instead of a man or a demi-god, we celebrate to-day.

And we do right to celebrate it. The *fact* of this national existence is a great fact. The act which first declared the nation's right to exist was a great act—a brave act. If it was not indeed, as we have been ready enough to assert, a pivotal epoch in the world's history, it was beyond question a decisive event in our own history. If it was not the birth-day of the nation—for the nation was born long before—it was the day the still-growing youth became conscious of its young maturity, asserted its personality, and entered on equal terms into the community of nations. And whatever errors there may have been in our methods,—whatever follies of mere deafening or nerve-distracting noise,—whatever mad recklessness with deadly explosives, such as will make to-morrow's newspapers like the returns of a great battle,—whatever flatulence of vain-glorious boasting from ten thousand platforms such as this,—it is none

the less a goodly and an honorable thing, that the one universal festival of this great nation should be the festival of its *nationality* alone. This, and this only, is the meaning of our being together to-day; that we are glad, and joyful, and grateful, that we are a nation; and that in unison with more than two-score millions of people, throughout the vast expanse of our imperial domain, we may give utterance to the joyful and thankful thought, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

It is well, then, to celebrate and rejoice. The many reasons we have for joy and pride are familiar enough to you. If there were any danger of your forgetting them, they are recalled annually to your remembrance by addresses such as you have honored me by calling on me to deliver here to-day. And in considering how I could best respond to your request, in the few moments which you can spare from your better occupation of the day, I have thought it superfluous to repeat to you those glories of which your minds are already so full, deeming it a better service to you, and worthier of the day, if I suggest

Certain Limitations upon National Self-Laudation.

Let me recount to you, summarily, the familiar and ordinary grounds of our boasting on such days as this. Then go over them with me, one by one; consider them soberly; and see whether we are in any danger of exalting ourselves unduly by reason of them.

1. We conquered our independence.

2. We govern ourselves.

3. We have enormously multiplied our numbers, and extended our boundaries.

4. We have enormously increased our material wealth, and subdued the forces of nature.

5. Education and intelligence are in an unequaled degree diffused throughout our population.

6. To crown all, we have but just now subdued a gigantic rebellion, and in doing so have incidentally suppressed the great national shame of human slavery.

Consider them:

1. We conquered our independence.

Beyond doubt, this was a grand thing to do, even in view of all the advantages that aided our fathers, and of all the difficulties that burdened their enemies. It was not, indeed, except in a certain limited and qualified sense, what it is commonly misnamed, a *revolution*. It was rather a movement of conservatism,—of resistance to an innovating despotism, seeking to impose the bonds of distant authority on those who were free-born, and who had always governed themselves. This resistance to ministerial novelties was in the interest of all Englishmen, and, until this very day one hundred years ago, was in the name of King George himself, whom we still recognized as our rightful monarch, after more than a year of flagrant war against his troops. It was (do not forget) a war of defence, against an invader from the paralyzing distance of 3000 miles; yet that invader was the most powerful nation in Europe. It enlisted (remember) the active alliance of France, and stirred up Spain and Holland to separate wars against our enemy; yet even with these great helps, the persistency of the struggle, the hardships and discouragements through which it was maintained to its final success, were enough to justify the honor in which we hold the assertors of our national independence.

2.—We have inherited, it is true, by a descent through many generations, certain principles of government which recognize the people as the source of authority over the people. Yet not even the founders of this federal republic—far less ourselves, their century-remote descendants, could claim the glory either of inventing these eternal principles or of first applying them in practice. Before Jefferson were Plato, and Milton, and Locke, and Rousseau. Before Philadelphia were Athens, and pre-Augustan Rome; Florence and Geneva; Ghent and Leyden; the Swiss Republics and the Commonwealth of England. Before the United States of America were the Achæan League, the Hanseatic League, and—closest pattern and exemplar—the United Provinces of the Low Countries. Beyond doubt, however, it is something to be glad of that our ancestors began the century which closes to-day, upon the solid foundations of

a faith in the right of self-government, when so many other nations of the earth were to be compelled to labor and study toward the acceptance of that faith, or to legislate and fight and revolutionize toward the embodiment of it in institutions. But whether that prodigious advantage with which we began the century should be now the occasion of pride or of some different emotion, might depend on other questions: Whether, for example, that advantage has enabled us to maintain to this day the the pre-eminence over other nations which it gave us a hundred years ago; whether, as they have advanced, we have only held our own, or gone backward; whether our ten talents, the magnificent capital with which we were entrusted, have been hid in a napkin and buried, while the one poor talent of another has been multiplied a hundred fold by diligence and skill. It is a great thing, no doubt, for a nation to govern itself, whether well or ill; but it is a thing to be proud of only when its self-government is capable and just. Let us look for a moment at the relative positions in this respect of our own and other nations a hundred years ago, and now.

A century since, the idea of parliamentary or representative government, primitive as that idea had been in the earliest Teutonic communities, and embalmed as it might still be in the reveries of philosophers, had no living form outside of these colonies, and of that fatherland from which their institutions were derived, and with which they were at war. In Great Britain itself, a sodden conservatism, refusing to adapt institutions to changing circumstances, had suffered them to become distorted with inequalities; so that the House of Commons, while it still stood for the English People, and was already beginning to feel the strength which has now made it the supreme power in the nation, was so befouled with rotten boroughs and pocket boroughs, that ministers easily managed it with places, and pensions, and money. The whole continent of Western Europe was subjected to great or little autocrats, claiming to rule by divine right, uttering by decrees their sovereign wills for laws, despising even the pretense of asking the concurrence of the governed. In France, an absolute despot, a brilliant court, a gorgeous and vicious civilization of the few, were superposed upon a wretched, naked, underfed

peasantry; tithe-oppressed, tax-ridden; crushed with feudal burdens upon the soil, or dragged from it to be slaughtered in foreign wars for matters they never heard of. Germany was either parcelled out, like Italy, among countless princelings, maintaining every one his disproportionate army, and court, and harem, and squeezing out taxes and blood from his people utterly without responsibility; or was crushed beneath the iron despotism of the Great Frederick in the North, or of the less capable Empire in the South. To the East, the great plains of Russia were an unknown darkness, where a shameless fury maintained an Asiatic reign of force and terror. Here and there a philosophical recluse was evolving from his books and his invention, systems of government which denied and antagonized the claims of divine right on which every dynasty in Europe was founded; yet so remote from any practical application did these speculations seem that the most absolute monarchs took pride in sharing them and fostering them. There were, indeed, things called "republics;" there were the despotic aristocracies of Venice and Genoa; there were their High Mightinesses, the Estates of the United Provinces; there were the confederated cantons of Switzerland, fenced in their mountain strongholds, but without influence upon European thoughts or institutions.

Over against that Europe of 1776, set the Europe of to-day. Nation after nation—call off their names: observe their systems of government, and say, when you have completed the tale, how many sovereigns there are who rest their title to supremacy upon divine right by inheritance; how many governments there are whose daily continuance—how many whose very birth and origin, are derived avowedly from no other source than "the consent of the governed." There are indeed crowned heads to-day; heads wearing crowns which have descended by but two or three degrees from the most confident assertors of "the right divine of kings to govern wrong;"—right royal men and women—nay more, right manly men and right womanly women; yet of all these there is hardly one who pretends to be more than the mere executive of the national will, expressed through a representative legislature. The England which our fathers denounced as tyrant, and foe of freedom—let us not commit the anachron-

ism of confounding her with the England of to-day. Ruled by a National Assembly chosen by a suffrage little short of universal, exercising final and absolute legislative authority, with the merest advisory concurrence of an hereditary Senate; its executive body little more than a standing committee of the House of Commons, removable in an instant by a mere expression of the will of the House; and all under the nominal presidency of a quiet matron, to whom even the external ceremonies of her position are irksome; with a system of local and municipal administration, which, whatever its defects, may well invite our admiration and study; the sturdiest proclaimer of the doctrines of our "Declaration" could hardly have figured to himself a future America which should more fully embody those doctrines than the realm of George the Third has come to embody them under his granddaughter. If we look across the channel, we find all Western Europe, from the Polar Sea to the Mediterranean, the undisputed domain of constitutional, representative, elective government. If the name and state of King or Emperor are maintained, it is in effect but as a convenient instrument for the performance of necessary functions in the great public organism, and with a tacit, or even an express acknowledgment on the part of the crown that "the consent of the governed" is the true source of its own authority. Over the feudal France which I have but just now pictured to you, has swept a flood which not only destroyed institutions, but extirpated their immemorial foundations; which not only leveled the hideous inequalities of mediævalism, but leveled *upward* the Gallic mind itself; so that hardly less than the American citizen—far more than the British subject—is the Frenchman of to-day penetrated by the consciousness of the equal rights of all men before the law. His form of supreme administration may vary from time to time, in name, or even in substance; but for fifty years it has stood upon the basis of the public consent, or, when it has failed so to stand, has fallen. The France of Richelieu—the France of that Louis XIV who dared to say of the State, "It is *I*," is the France whose latest king called himself no longer King of *France*, but King of *the French;* whose latest Emperor claimed no right to rule but from a popular election by universal suffrage—boasted of being

"*The Elect* of seven millions"—and styled himself in the most solemn instruments, "By the Grace of God and *the Will of the People*, Emperor of the French;" and which now, dispensing with even the fiction of a Sovereign, administers its affairs with a prudence, wisdom and economy which have drawn the admiration of neighboring nations. In United Italy—in the two great empires which share between them Germany and Hungary—in the Scandinavian Kingdoms—and at last even in Spain, so long the distracted prey of hierarchy and absolutism, the autocracy of an hereditary monarch has given way to parliamentary government and ministerial responsibility. The successor of Catherine the Second, by conferring spontaneously upon the half-civilized subjects of his vast empire not only personal freedom, but such local autonomy as they are capable of, is educating them toward a higher participation in affairs. And now, most marvelous testimony to the prevalence of those opinions upon which our own institutions are based, the world has seen within a month, a new Sultan, a new chief of Islam, announced to Europe as succeeding to the chair and the sword of Mahomet, "by the unanimous will of the Turkish people!"

Let us be quite sure, my fellow-citizens, before we boast ourselves immeasurably above other nations by reason of the excellence of our political institutions, not only that they are better than all others in the world, but that we have done something in these hundred years towards making them better; or at least that we have not suffered ours to become debased and corrupt, while those of other nations have been growing better and purer. Is our law-making and our conduct of affairs —national, state, and local—abler and honester now than then? Is the ballot-box cleaner, and a surer reflection of the public mind upon public men and measures? Or are we still in some small degree hampered by the tricks of politicians, so that we find ourselves voting into offices men whom we despise,—giving support to measures which we abominate? Has public opinion grown so in that sensitive honor "which feels a stain like a wound," that it compels public men to be not only above reproach, but above suspicion? Or has it rather come to content itself with weighing evidence, and balancing probabilities, and continuing its favor to any against whom the proofs may

fall short of absolute conviction of felony? Is the vast organization of our public business contrived and controlled, as it is in every other civilized country, and as in every successful private business it must be, for the sole end of doing that business efficiently and cheaply? Or has it become a vast system for the reward of party services by public moneys,—a vast mechanism for the perpetuation of party power by suppressing the popular will,—with the secondary purpose of doing the public work as well as may be consistent with the main design? Have we, through dullness or feebleness, suffered methods to become customary in our public service, which, if attempted in the British post-office or custom-house, would overthrow a ministry in a fortnight—if in the French, might bring on a revolution? My fellow-citizens, I offer you no answers to these questions. I only ask them; and leave unasked many others which these might suggest. But when we have found answers to our satisfaction, we shall know better how far to exalt ourselves above the other nations of the earth.

3. A more indisputable support for national pride may be found, perhaps, in our unquestioned and enormous multiplication of numbers and expansion of territory.

These have certainly been marvelous: perhaps unparalleled. It is a great thing that four millions of human beings, occupying in 1776 a certain expanse of territory, should be succeeded in 1876 by forty millions occupying ten times that expanse. But let us be quite sure how much the increase of numbers is a necessary result of natural laws of propagation, working unrestrained in a land of amazing productiveness, unscourged by famine or pestilence, and burdened by but one great war during three generations of men; how much to the prodigious importation of involuntary immigrants from Africa during the last century, and of voluntary colonists, induced by high rewards for labor and enterprise, during this; and how much to any special virtue in our ancestors or ourselves. Let us be sure what degree and quality of glory it may be which a nation lays claim to for the extension of boundaries by mere mercantile bargain and purchase, or by strong-armed conquest from its weaker neighbors. Let us remember, withal, that great as has been our growth in population and extent over this vacant con-

tinent which offered such unlimited scope for enlargement, other nations have not stood still. A century ago there was a little sub-alpine monarchy of two or three million subjects, which within these twenty years has so expanded itself by honorable warfare and the voluntary accession of neighboring provinces that it now comprehends all the twenty-five millions of the Italian people. A century ago there was a little Prussian monarchy of three or four million subjects, which, sparing to us meanwhile millions of its increasing numbers, has grown until it has become the vast and powerful German Empire of forty millions. And, while we take a just pride in the marvelous growth of New York and Philadelphia, and the meteoric rise of Chicago and St. Louis, it is well not to forget that within the same century London has added three millions to its numbers; Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, have sprung from insignificance into the second rank of cities; and that dull Prussian town, which, as the Great Frederick's capital, boasted but 100,000 inhabitants, has become a vast metropolis of nearly a million people, doubling its numbers in the last quarter of that period. If our own increase of population has indeed surpassed these marvelous examples—if our territorial expansion has in fact been larger and swifter than that of the Russian Empire in Europe and Asia, or of the British Empire in India, America and Australia, then the more are we justified in that manner of pride which is natural to the youth grown to a healthy maturity of strength and stature.

4.—Thus also, if we have not greatly surpassed the rest of the world in our growth in material wealth, and in our subjugation of natural forces to human use, we may fairly claim at least to have kept in the van of progress. Yet here, too, while we have great and just cause for pride, let us not err by confounding the positive merits of our nation with the adventitious advantages which have stimulated or created its successes. It has been a different task, though perhaps not an easier one, to take from the fresh fields and virgin soil of this vast continent, fruitful in all that is most useful for human food and raiment, the wealth that has been the sure reward of steadfast industry,—from the task of stimulating the productive powers of lands exhausted by thousands of years of crop-

bearing, up to that exquisite fertility that makes an English wheat-field an astonishment even to a Western New York farmer. It is indeed a singular fortune which ours has been, that every decade of years has revealed beneath our feet some new surprise of mineral wealth; the iron everywhere; the anthracite of Pennsylvania; the copper of Lake Superior; the gold of California; the bituminous coal of the western coal fields; the petroleum which now illuminates the world; and finally, the silver which has deluged and deranged the trade of the Orient. Let us not be slow to remember that such natural advantages impose obligations, rather than justify pride, in comparison with those old countries where nature has spoken long ago her last word of discovery, and where labor and science can but glean in fields already harvested. And when we look with wonder upon the vast public works, not disproportionate to the vastness of our territory, which the last half-century especially has seen constructed, let us not forget that the industry and frugality which gathered the capital that built our railroad system—not all of which, certainly, was American capital,—the trained intellect of the engineers who designed and constructed its countless parts,—are a greater honor to any people than 70,000 miles of track: that the patient ingenuity of Fitch and Fulton are more to be boasted of than the ownership of the steam navies of the world: the scientific culture and genius of Morse, than 200,000 miles of telegraphic wire.

5.—If I have thought it needless to enlarge upon other subjects, familiar upon such occasions, for public congratulation, especially will it be superfluous to remind such an audience as this how broad and general is the diffusion of intelligence and education through large portions of our country. But let us not be so dazzled by the sunlight which irradiates us here in New York, as to forget the darkness of illiteracy which overwhelms vast regions of our common country; that if New York, and Massachusetts, and Ohio, offer to all their children opportunities of learning, there exists in many states a numerous peasantry, both white and black, of besotted ignorance, and struggling but feebly, almost without aid or opportunity, toward some small enlightenment. Let us not overlook the fact, in our complacency, that while we, in these favored communities,

content ourselves with offering education to those whom we leave free to become sovereign citizens in abject ignorance, other nations have gone beyond us in enforcing universal education; in not only throwing open the feast of reason, but in going into the highways and hedges, and *compelling* them to come in.

6.—Coming to the last of the familiar sources of national pride which I have suggested, we may fairly say that the emotions with which a patriot looks back upon the conclusions of the period beginning in 1860 must be of a most varied and conflicting sort. The glory of successful war must be tempered by shame that red-handed rebellion should ever have raised its head in a constitutional nation. If it was not permitted to a Roman general, so it is not becoming to us, to triumph over conquered fellow-citizens. If we rejoice, as the whole world does rejoice, that the conflict which for four years distracted us ended in the restoration of four million slaves to the rights of free manhood, the remembrance that neither our national conscience nor our statesmanship had found a better way out of the bondage of Egypt than through a Red Sea of blood, may well qualify our reasonable pride; the question, how these millions and their masters are yet to be lifted up into fitness for their new sovereignty over themselves and over us, may well sober our exultation.

If I have departed from the common usage of this occasion, in assuming that you know, quite as well as I do, the infinite causes that exist for pride, and joy, and common congratulation in being American citizens, I beg leave before I close to suggest one further reason for the emotions which are natural to all our hearts to-day. It has been common to us and to other nations,—to our friends alike and our detractors,—to speak of the institutions under which we live, as new, experimental, and of questionable permanency. Fellow citizens, if we can learn nothing else from the comparative view of other nations to which I have been hastily recommending you, this fact at least presses itself home upon us: that of all the nations of the earth which are under the light of Christian and European civilization, the institutions of America are those which the vicissitudes of a century have left most unchanged; that, tested by the history of those hundred years, and by the experience of every such

nation, republican democracy means permanency, not revolution; wise conservatism, not destruction; and that all other institutions are as unstable as water in comparison. I believe that to-day this American "experiment" is the most ancient system in Christendom. Not a constitution in Europe but exists by grace of a revolution of far later date than the framing of our constitution, which stands now, immortal monument to the wisdom of its founders, almost unchanged from its pristine shape and substance. If the stable British monarchy seems to you an exception, reflect upon the silent revolution which in that time has annulled the power of the crown, and almost subverted its influence; remember the suppression of the Irish Parliament, the removal of the Catholic disabilities which for a century and a half had been a foundation stone of the constitution; remember the Reform Bill which prostrated the power of the aristocracy; the repeal of the Corn Laws, which reversed the economic policy of a thousand years; look at the audacious legislation which within two years has destroyed even the names of that judicial system which is identified with English monarchy—at that which within a few weeks has dared to add a flimsy glitter to the immemorial title of the Sovereign herself—and you may well be proud of the solidity and permanence of our institutions compared with the swift-dissolving forms of European systems.

We know, however, that institutions, even the best of them, cannot long exist without change. As in physical life, there must be either growth or decay; when growth has ceased, decay cannot long be postponed. How shall it be with those institutions which a noble ancestry has bequeathed to us, and in which we rejoice to-day.? Let us not forget that the day is the beginning of a new century, as well as the close of an old one. Not one of us is to see the close of the coming age, as none of us saw the opening of the last. And while it is given to none to discern the future, we know well that institutions, whether civil or social, cannot long continue better than the people who enjoy them. Be it ours, therefore, so far as lies in us, to perpetuate for our remote offspring the benefits which have come down from our ancestors. Let us cultivate in ourselves—let us teach to our children—those virtues which alone make our free

institutions possible or desirable. Thus, and only thus, shall we make this day not merely the commemoration of departed glories, but the portal to that Golden Age which has been the dream of poets and the promise of prophets, and toward which, as we dare to hope, the event which we now celebrate has so mightily impelled mankind. Our eyes shall not behold it; but woe to us if we cease to hope for it and to labor towards it. It may be hard—it is hard—for us, surrounded by the green graves and the desolated homes which within a dozen years a ghastly civil war has made in this religious and enlightened nation,—for us here, in the very presence of the tattered yet venerated symbols of that strife,* to believe that the day can ever shine upon the earth

> When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
> In the parliament of man, the federation of the world:
> When the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

The reign of "Peace on Earth—Good Will towards Men"—the dominion of Reason and Justice over Force and Fraud—it may be far off, but it shall surely come.

> Down the dark future, through long generations,
> The sounds of strife grow fainter, and then cease;
> And like a bell, in solemn, sweet vibrations,
> I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"
> Peace! and no longer, from its brazen portals,
> The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
> But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
> The holy melodies of Love arise.

* The worn-out regimental colors of the 33d New York Volunteers, a regiment which went to the war from Wayne County, were carried in the procession and set up in front of the speaker's stand.

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EARLY HISTORY OF PALMYRA.

BY

REV. HORACE EATON, D. D.

The blossoming of the Century plant, the striking of one hundred by the great clock of time, should open the dullest eye to peer into the future and quicken the most leaden ear to listen to the whispers of the past.

In crossing the first Centennial of the Nation, the words of Elihu, the Buzite, express the common sentiment, "Days should speak and the multitude of years should teach wisdom."

Back of the settlement of the white man, a nebulous haze rests upon the history of Western New York. Then it was the paradise of the Six Nations. Arrow-heads and other memorials of the red man, found in our meadows and along our hillsides, tell of their camping grounds and of openings where maize and tobacco grew under their hand. Once the gleam of their watchfires shimmered across these waters and the smoke of their wigwams curled above the trees. At the close of the Revolution, measures were taken to restrain their hostile attacks and to secure amicable relations with them, and it is grateful to reflect that none of this fertile territory was wrested from the Indian by violence, but was purchased by what was considered a fair and equitable price. For this favored domain God had a higher destiny than the sleepy romance of savage life. The tomahawk was to give way to the ax,—the thick trees to the standing corn,—the rude wigwam to the neat and comely mansion,—the frail canoe to the well built steamer,—the Indian

trail to the four-track railroad,—the snarl of the wolf to the neighing of the iron horse,—in short, the wild life of the forest was to be exchanged for a refined and Christian civilization.

Different currents of emigration mingled in the early settlement of Palmyra. The first pioneers were from Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania. There is a humble stone in the old graveyard in this village, bearing the inscription, JOHN SWIFT. This name is deeply imbedded in the foundations of this community. Many of the "first things" cluster around it.

John Swift was a native of Kent, Connecticut. At fifteen he enlisted a soldier of the Revolution. At the close of that war he joined the colony of Connecticut people who settled the valley of the Wyoming. Swift was active in defending the colony against the Pennamites and the Indians. In firing a fort of the enemy he received a ball through the neck. After the massacre, a remnant of these harassed settlers resolved to seek another home. John Swift and John Jenkins were appointed agents to select and purchase lands for their occupation. John Jenkins, had been employed by Phelps and Gorham as a surveyor and was acquainted with the Genesee country. In 1789 they secured of the aforesaid proprietors a deed of this township, "No. 12, Second range." The next year Swift moved his family into this then unbroken wilderness. Here he struck the first ax—built the first house. It was of logs covered with bark and stood on the corner of Main and Canal Streets, where Harry Tiller now has his wheelwright shop. John Swift's wife was the first woman who ventured a residence amid the perils of this new settlement. One evening, while preparing her accustomed meal, three Indians came in and sat around the fire. When they made signs of violence, the heroine of the log cabin seized a red-hot poker and so laid it over their heads that they beat a *swift* retreat.

John Swift was the first pioneer, the first moderator of the first town meeting, the first supervisor, the first pound master, the first captain. At his house was held the first training. Asa, his son, was the first male child born in Palmyra. John Swift gave lands for the first saw mill, the first grave yard, the

first school house and the first church edifice in this village. From 1790 to 1812 the name of John Swift was connected with every enterprise, pecuniary, political or religious. When the war of 1812 broke out, he was commissioned General of the New York Volunteers. In 1814 he led a detachment from Queenstown Heights down the river to Fort George. There he surrounded and captured a picket guard of the enemy of sixty men. Instead of commanding the prisoners to ground their arms and march away from them, he suffered them to retain their muskets. One of the captives inquired, "Who is Gen'l Swift?" Most unadvisedly he stood forth and said, "I am Gen'l Swift." In an instant the inquisitive prisoner put a ball through his breast. Dr. Alexander McIntyre was by his side when he fell. He was borne to the nearest house where he died July 12th, 1814, aged fifty-two years and twenty-five days.

After the war, the citizens of Palmyra disinterred his remains and deposited them in the old cemetery in this village. Said a historian of the time, "never was the country called to lament the loss of a firmer patriot or braver man." The New York Legislature voted a sword to his eldest son and directed that a full length portrait of Gen'l Swift should be hung up in the City Hall New York.

Another honored name should here be recorded as the first sacrifice of the war of '12 from Palmyra. Major William Howe Cuyler from Greenbush, N. Y., opened the first Law Office in this Village, in 1800. He was esteemed for his energy, public enterprise and generous sympathies. He was the Aid of General Hall. On the night of the 8th of October 1812, he was killed at Black Rock by a four pound ball from the British battery at Fort Erie. Major Cuyler left two sons, George W. and William H. Cuyler,—the former a banker, the latter a merchant. The elder, Maj. George W. Cuyler, was announced as President of the Day for the Centennial Celebration on the 4th inst., but was stricken with a fatal disease and died lamented by all, July 20th.

William Jackway, John Hurlburt, Jonathan Willett, Nathan Parshall, Barney Horton, James Galloway and Mrs. Lydia Tiffany were some of the followers of Swift from the Valley of the Wyoming.

Next in order of time is the Rhode Island colony. In November, 1791, Gideon Durfee Jr., Edward Durfee and Isaac Springer arrived from Tiverton Rhode Island. They came in wagons on the military road to the "Old Castle" at Geneva. From thence without a path they found their way to Palmyra. Early the next spring, Pardon Durfee came driving the cattle belonging to the family. Nearly exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he met his brothers with the cry for food. With tears they were obliged to reply, "we have none." But there was relief in the case. Webb Harwood had gone to Penn Yan, forty miles to the nearest mill and was expected back every hour.

The next August a boat landed near the farm house of Mr. Ira Lakey, bringing Gideon Durfee the elder and Job, Stephen and Ruth Durfee. Lemuel Durfee arrived four years later. Ruth Durfee married Capt. William Wilcox. This was the first marriage in the town. To the patriarch, Gideon Durfee, there were born eleven children and ninety-six grand children. Stephen Durfee was the first in town to adopt total abstinence principles. In 1811 he raised his house on good food and coffee without any intoxicating drink. It is said that Swift had failed to fulfil his engagements to Phelps and Gorham. But when the Durfee family arrived he took heart for they brought the hard coin in a leathern satchel, sufficient to pay down for sixteen hundred acres of land. This money enabled Swift to secure a warranty deed of the town.

These pioneers were soon followed by William, James and Thomas Rogers, Festus and Isaac Goldsmith, Humphrey Sherman, Zebulon Williams and Weaver Osburn, all from Rhode Island. Osburn married Hannah Durfee. David Wilcox, with his wife and two children, came from the same state April, 1791. Mary, his daughter, afterward the wife of Alvah Hendee, was born the 29th of the next June and was the first white child born in the town.

Next, Long Island sent her contribution to the early settlement of Palmyra. With conflicting hopes and fears, a band of emigrants launched away from their sea-girt shore April 4th 1792. Ocean waves bore their humble but trusty bark from

Southampton around into New York harbor. The noble Hudson welcomes them to Albany. Here, like the ships of Cleopatra, lifted over the desert, their boat becomes their burden to Schenectady. There it is launched anew and pushed up the Mohawk to Rome. From the Mohawk it goes overland to Wood Creek. Through that, it hoists sails on Oneida Lake, feels its way along up to Oswego, Seneca and Clyde Rivers into Mud Creek. After a voyage so peculiar, of five hundred miles in twenty-eight days, this well freighted Argosy comes to anchorage at the mouth of Mill Brook on Mud Creek, near the present residence of Deacon Hiram Foster.

Could we return upon that fine spring morning, it would delight us to witness the play of surprise, the zest and the curiosity, as they appear in the colony just set down in the wilderness. The practical, strong minded men walk forth to observe the strength and depth of the soil and to take in the lay of the land. Their inward thought is 'here is to be our home,—here we are to work out our destiny for time and eternity,—here are to be our graves,—here the inheritance we leave to our children.' Elias Reeves, William Hopkins, Joel Foster and Abraham Foster acted as trustees for the colony. The first purchase of land in East Palmyra was five thousand five hundred acres. The rich inheritance has come down well preserved.

But "the strength of the hills" as well as the strength of the sea mingled in the early society of Palmyra. Cummington is a high, sterile town in Hampshire County, Massachusetts. A Scotchman by the name of McIntyre was the first settler. William Cullen Bryant, the first of American poets, has honored this town by the bequest of a public library and by replacing the old house in which he was born by a splendid mansion. This Cummington was one of the head-springs which irrigated the early life of this Palmyra. Lemuel Spear was a soldier of the Revolution and came here in 1790. Abraham, Ebenezer and Dea. Stephen Spear were his sons. Col. John Bradish, the father of Calvin, Charles and Luther the Governor, Doctor Gain Robinson, David White, father of Orrin, James and William White, David Warner, the father of Nahum Warner, Noah and William Porter and Noah Turner were all from Cummington. The death of David White was the first in the

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colony. Isaac Kelly, Stephen Phelps, Webb Harwood, Abraham Lapham and Salmon Hathaway were from Adams, Mass., Asa Lilly from Athol, Mass., Enoch Sanders from Warren, Conn., Silas Stoddard from Groton, Conn.

So far as I have been able to gather from faded memories, such are the names, nativity and time of coming of settlers before or about 1800. As a whole they were choice men and women, sifted, flint wheat. If the men from Wyoming led in the discovery, purchase and settlement of this town, the men from Rhode Island were the first to pay for it. If the emigrants from the hills of Hampshire were more ready in pressing education, the Long Island colony bore the palm in staid adherence to the Bible and the Sabbath and were first in erecting the Sanctuary. To their honor it should be recorded that from their arrival, they have not failed in keeping up the public worship of God every Sabbath.

Severe were the sacrifices of the early settlers,—their labors Herculean, their principles patriotic and pure. They laid deep and broad the foundations upon which their posterity may build high and strong.

Growth, changes, incidents crowd every year since the first white settlement. Beside the above notice of the early emigrants, it would be interesting to tell of the subsequent incoming of citizens from different States of the Union,—from Dutchess, Columbia and other counties of our own State,—from England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, and to define what each class has contributed to the common good,—how we are assimilating to each others tastes and increasing in harmony and right living. But time and the limits of this sketch permit but a further glance at some of the more striking contrasts between the *early* past and the present.

If we turn our eyes back eighty-six years, the felling and firing of trees in the new settlement, present a sharp contrast with the fenced and cultivated fields, the shaven lawns as they now appear. To bring to a single acre has taxed the toil of many a strong arm. The first plough was hewn out of a log. Now we have the polished share. Once the farmer and his boys with the sickle in hand went bending to the standing grain. Now the lord of the manor rides in a triumphal chariot,—

the harvest bows to him and at his mandate the wheat piles itself for binding. Look at the steam thresher. It will do the work a hundred men used to do with the flail and the fan. Thanks for the change wrought by modern inventions in cultivating these fields.

Trade suggests similar contrasts. Zebulon Williams was the first merchant and had his store where the depot now stands. Joseph Colt was the second. His store was on the corner of Main and Market Streets where Royce and Brigham now trade. Swift & Sawyer had their store on the site of the Vinegar factory. George Beckwith began business at the mill now owned by M. B. Riggs. These stores paid twenty-five cents a bushel for wheat, six cents a pound for butter,—asked twenty-five cents a pound for nails. The first carrying trade to and from Albany was by boats through intervening rivers and lakes. Then came the heavy wagons. In 1825 the canal began to bear the burdens of trade, in 1851 the railroad. Col. Stoddard, who was in the employ of Joseph Colt in 1804 and after, assured me that it took him sixty days to go by boat to New York with produce and return with goods. The traveler can now go round the world in the same time.

In *Mechanism* there has been a like advance. Where are the old cards, spindles, distaffs, looms, clock-reels that struck off the knots—all of the days of blessed homespun? Swift built the first carding machine, Edward Durfee the first saw mill, on our little brook, just above the steam mill of James Galloway,—Jonah Howell the first grist mill, where now stands Ezra Chapman's saw mill. Swift took a bushel of his first wheat on his shoulder and carried it all the way to Seneca Falls, had it ground and brought back the flour.

Zechariah Blackman was the first blacksmith and had his shop under the great elm in front of Mrs. George Beckwith's, James Smith was the first hatter, David Jackway succeeded him, Joel Foster the first carpenter, Gilbert Rogers the first tanner. Henry Jessup commenced his extensive leather trade in 1800. F. C. Strong was the first printer. He began to publish the Palmyra Register in 1818. Pomeroy Tucker commenced the Wayne Sentinel in 1824. Pliny Sexton was the first silversmith

and watchmaker. He left *tictics* for the tactics of hardware in the firm of Sexton & Butterfield. For thirty years he was associated with Geo. W. Cuyler in the banking business. Now, at the age of eighty, he survives both his former partners.

Education presents contrasts. In the year 1793, the date of the first town meeting and the first church, it was ordered to build two log school houses. The first was on land given by Swift, nearly opposite St. Ann's Church,—the other was the Hopkins school house in East Palmyra. Schools sprung up in other neighborhoods. An Academy was incorporated somewhere about 1816. The building was of brick and stood on the site north of the Catholic Church. The present arrangement of the Classical Union School was adopted and the building completed in 1848. Daboll, Murray, Webster, the English Reader and the ferule have had a racy history in our town.

We trace the *name* of the town to the early literature of the place. "No. 12, Second Range" was first called Swifttown, then Tolland. These names not pleasing the citizens, somewhere between March and June 1797, a meeting was held to determine the name. Daniel Sawyer, the brother of Mrs. Swift, was then for two reasons in the literary mood. First, he was in love with Miss Dosha Boughton, the first school-mistress; secondly, he was interested in ancient history. Now as ancient Palmyra had a Zenobia, he doubtless thought that his modern Dosha should have a Palmyra. It is not strange that he should urge the name of the ancient City with felicity and success. "Palmyra" was adopted by acclamation.

In regard to the churches, we can detain you but with a word. Their formation, edifices, growth, pastorates would fill a volume.

The Baptist Church was organized in the house of Lemuel Spear in 1800. Their first edifice was on the site of the school house opposite the dwelling of James Kent, the elder. Rev. William Jones was the first pastor.

The Methodist Church was formed in 1811. Their first house was on the corner of Johnson and Vienna Streets.

The Episcopal Church was organized in June 1823. Rev. Rufus Murray was the first Rector. The first edifice was consecrated February 1st, 1829. It was built on the spot where the present Church now stands.

The Roman Catholic Church was organized in 1848. Its present edifice was erected in 1862 by the present pastor Rev. William Casey.

The Presbyterian Church was organized 1793. In regard to the place of its organization, there are conflicting statements; one, that it was in the house of John Swift,—another, with perhaps more accuracy, in the first school-house in East Palmyra. Their first edifice was built in East Palmyra in 1807. Their first edifice in the village was built in 1811 on the hill in connection with the old cemetery. It is a pleasant fancy that the gathering in of these churches from their dispersions and planting themselves down so near each other, is emblematical of increase of kindly feeling and co-operation.

In connection with the growth of the churches, I cannot forbear to mention one phase of moral progress. Stephen Durfee used to say, "the first curse that entered Palmyra, was whiskey; it used to ruin many of the early settlers and their sons." The early drinking usages were evil and only evil. Everybody drank. The good people treated their minister as others, only with a little finer sugar and a little smoother liquor. Farmers carried whiskey into their fields, mechanics into the shops. Cider flowed like water. Stephen Durfee started the temperance ball in 1811. Rev. Mr. Stockton entered the war against rum in 1825. Though there is still a clandestine, back-door traffic and many a victim is bitten by the serpent, yet the glistening decanters have come down from the sideboard and the sparkling cup is banished from the funeral, the wedding, New Year's calls and social entertainments.

Joseph Smith, the apostle of the Latter Day Saints, came to Palmyra from Sharon, Vermont, when ten years of age. When fifteen years old he began to see visions. On the night of September 21st, 1823, an Angel (?) ordained him to his great work. September 22nd 1827, the Angel placed in his hands

the golden plates and the Urim and Thummim by which to translate them. The house where the translation was completed, the old press which struck off the pages are still with us. But if the Mormon Prophet and the Hydesville ghosts did hail from Palmyra, they did not stay here. If we must own the deceivers, the deluded belong elsewhere.

The day we celebrate revives the remembrance of the fact that the nation had its birth and baptism in blood. Search the silent halls of our dead and you will find not a few memorials of the Revolutionary heroes. Still more numerous are the graves of those who fought in the war of 1812. Of the boys in blue, not less than ninety names are engraved on the two tablets of stone in our public hall and still deeper in all our hearts. They offered themselves a free and living sacrifice for the dear old flag. And while we live we will strew their graves with flowers and with loyal affection pledge ourselves to sustain the liberties they died to save.

In the series of eighty-six years since the first settlement of the town, there has been a succession of valuable men in the legal, medical and clerical professions. On these farms, in these stores, shops, homes, a succession of men and women have concontributed to make Palmyra what it is. Yet the name and work of each cannot be eliminated. But unpublished history is not lost. Silent, unseen agencies live in their results. If good be done, what matter if it be now unknown? The secret, unseen rivulet is content to nourish the verdure that conceals it from view. In the light of a clearer day, unwritten history will be published, corrected, stereotyped. Present reputation is ephemeral, character is eternal.